THE New Republic

Expel the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO

Page 3

The Chinese Intellectuals

Mao's "Hundred Flowers" Wither After A Brief Season in the Sun

by ROBERT GUILLAIN

Khrushchev in East Germany . . . *Terence Prittie*

Small Cars . . . . . *B. J. Widick*

The Future of Letters . . . . . *Donald Malcolm*

REINHOLD NIEBUHR Discusses the Rights and Wrongs of Capital Punishment

AUGUST 26, 1957

25 cents

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Washington Wire

End of an Affair

THE NATION'S love affair with Eisenhower is definitely cooling but only after an interval that amazed observers and that probably set a record of its kind. Eisenhower did practically nothing for four years and that, it turned out, was exactly what the country wanted. Now a post-honeymoon boredom is visible and disillusionment finds voice. The implicit Administration premise was that doing nothing in a spiritual manner would solve all problems; it hasn't worked and problems are becoming urgent.

The second term, you remember, began with Suez. Frightened voters in November turned to Eisenhower to save them in a crisis which he had denied existed. Who knows? A more straightforward secretary of state might have kept France and Britain in line. As it happened a debacle followed; Russia planted itself firmly in the Mid-East power struggle—a spot she had sought to occupy for centuries. Eisenhower met the problem by cutting off press conferences for 10 weeks and two days.

The President faced three handicaps after the election: a Democratic Congress, a lame-duck status under the 22nd Amendment, and a diminution of his value to the conservative coalition to which he had given two enormous victories but which now needed to glamorize somebody else. Yet, we believe, these were not the controlling factors in what happened. In the aging Administration the President himself showed an inexplicable lassitude and vacillation and an increasing retreat to the links.

Consider four points. After being on all sides of the budget the President finally took a position contrary to Secretary Humphrey who, after a decent interval, retired. Again, Eisenhower publicly snubbed Defense Secretary Wilson for the latter's strictures on the National Guard (to Mrs. Wilson's irritation) and, whether by coincidence or not, Wilson also has retired. Again, Secretary Folsom tried heroically to get through a school bill — Eisenhower failed to support him. And finally, Eisenhower publicly revealed doubt and disagreement over Brownell's Civil Rights Bill ("I was reading part of that bill this morning and I . . . there were certain phrases I don't completely understand.") Here is a record of mixed signals in four different instances. Now the Cabinet has lost its two strongest members.

"I Never Heard That"

THIS IS THE TIME for all good columnists to write estimates of the past legislative session. But for this reporter two minor, almost casual, comments by Eisenhower will be chiefly remembered. One was the astonishing reply made to a reporter after the school bill defeat by five votes. In a final desperate effort to get the bill through the House, Democrats swallowed their pride and agreed to accept the Eisenhower measure in toto. But no word came from the White House and the bill perished. What we remember is the President's candid revelation that he was unaware of the Democrats' switch. "I never heard that, Mr. Folliard," he told stunned reporters. "If that is true, why you are telling me something I never heard."

The second phrase was in a letter on the Natural Gas Bill. After the veto of last year, you recall, Eisenhower proposed two amendments to the bill in the consumers' interest this year. But when the test came the President hastily abandoned the amendments in a phrase that sticks to our memory; they (the amendments), he wrote the House chairman, "do not represent my fixed conclusions." How fixed are any of this Administration's conclusions?

The story of the weekly press conferences is revealing, too. They are the President's vehicle for expounding views, molding opinion, speaking directly to the nation. But the President called off his July 24 press conference just before the climactic House vote on the school bill. He thereby ducked the inevitable press questions on his position. He avoided the fray. Again, he called off his press conference just before the Senate started the voting that culminated in ripping Section III out of the Civil Rights Bill. And reporters were not surprised last week when Eisenhower dropped his regular press conference a third time—the final stage of decision had been reached in the rival Senate-House versions of civil rights. Eisenhower avoided taking a position.

One Piece of Paper

ENDLESS REITERATION is fruitless and we try to avoid it. A critical reporter always runs the danger of becoming a common scold. We think we have made our point. Eisenhower carried no fervor over from his great election victory. As press protection is withdrawn, as Nixon begins privately to criticize his chief, as the honeymoon sags, Eisenhower goes more to the Burning Tree Club. On some things the President feels strongly and knows his own mind and is willing to make a fight. But on nasty complicated questions that do not lend themselves easily to staff condensation on a single piece of paper, Eisenhower finds difficulty.

Beauty vs. Economics

THE FIGHT to ban billboards from the new federal highway system has been led by one of our favorite senators, Dick Neuberger (D, Ore.), but it hasn't got far. Congress put better highways above better schools, and now it puts billboards on the highways above aesthetic considerations. The billboard lobby, led by ex-Sen. Scott Lucas (D, Ill.), is powerful: "This country was built on economics, not beauty," is the trenchant way Lucas puts it. What value is beauty—what value education? The important thing is motion itself, in fast cars on splendid highways. Maybe the billboards will be helpful—they can hide the over-crowded schools from our consciences as we dash along.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

AUGUST 26, 1957

THE WEEK 3

Expel the Teamsters; Fly Your Kite, Foster; Fever in Syria; Flu Prescription; Afterthoughts in Britain; Sacco and Vanzetti; Mathematics in Tuskegee; Khrushchev Opts for a Divided Germany; Small Cars

ARTICLES 10

The Oldest Fetish
by Gerald W. Johnson
The Chinese Intellectuals
by Robert Guillain

BOOKS AND COMMENT 16

Reviews: Hilaire Belloc; Louisville Story; Reflections on Hanging; Moscow-Peking Axis; The Phrase Finder

ART 21

MOVIES 22

Photo, page 13: Eastfoto

VOL. 137, NOS. 9-10, ISSUES 2230-31

Correspondence

► *The Noises of Silence*

SIRS:

MR. MALCOLM'S essay on the *New Leader* symposium (NR, August 12) is thrown for a loss in his peroration on Leslie Fiedler. Taking on Mr. Fiedler is rarely as easy a business as it looks. He is one of the most literary of literary critics (and one of the best), and when he makes what seem like facile equations between homosexuality and "politics," he is usually defending certain rights of perspective and sublimation proper to literature. I've occasionally objected myself to his blurring of distinctions between literature, politics, theology and "life," but always with a lively gratitude for his courage in taking the bull by the horns instead of being witty at the expense of a herd of heifers.

What disappoints me in Mr. Malcolm's peer-group (I dodge the "silly" word) is their apparent lack of interest

(Continued on page 23)

Expel the Teamsters

SENATOR MCCLELLAN'S Rackets Investigating Committee has not succeeded in throwing the net over Jimmy Hoffa, as most of organized labor had hoped it would. Government attorneys failed to convince a federal jury that Hoffa had tried to plant a spy on the Committee staff to steal Committee files. And barring the unexpected, the Committee will be unable to demonstrate the kind of wrongdoing that would indict Hoffa in the eyes of his union or of most old-line AFL leaders. Hoffa is not the first labor leader to use "paper" locals to extend his power within the union or to associate with racketeers in the course of business. ("I don't know a single AFL international president who hasn't dealt with hoodlums," Harold Gibbons, one of Hoffa's first lieutenants, says in justifying his boss's connections.) The prospect would be different had McClellan been able to show that Hoffa had stolen union funds, or accepted bribes from employers to sign substandard contracts or to break strikes called by other unions.

As it is, no personal charge against Jimmy Hoffa has ever been laid before the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO and none is likely to grow out of the disclosures of the McClellan Committee.

Nothing further seems to stand in the way of Hoffa's replacing Dave Beck as President when the Teamsters hold their election on September 30. Indeed, all that stands in the way of his entering the hierarchy of the AFL-CIO as president of its largest international union is the unfinished business of an ethical practices charge pending against the Teamsters Union itself.

On March 29, after Dave Beck had declined to answer questions put to him by the Senators, the Executive Council of the Federation announced that it had reason to believe that the Teamsters Union was "dominated, controlled, or substantially influenced in the conduct of its affairs by corrupt influences," and asked Ethical Practices Committee Chairman Hayes to investigate. Thereupon, the Hayes committee twice called Teamster officers to appear and answer charges. Twice the Teamsters pleaded previous engagements. A third date has been set for September 5 in Washington. If the Teamsters do not appear the Committee has warned that it will proceed with the hearing without them, and make its report to the Executive Council. That body is scheduled to meet on September 24, a week before the Teamsters' convention in Miami, to rule on the case.

Incredible as it may seem, after all that has been said and written about Jimmy Hoffa's brand of unionism, many of the Council are strongly tempted to issue the kind of directive with which Jimmy Hoffa could comply and so keep the Teamsters in the Federation. Leaders of other unions know what powerful allies the Teamsters can be during a strike. "Gradualism" in reform is the current fashion; Hoffa, it is argued, should

AUG 23 '57

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be given a chance to clean up his union by degrees. Hoffa supporters like Harold Gibbons, an ADA board member and a former CIO leader, have made an impression, pleading Hoffa's prowess as an organizer, his "decent instincts," that *he* uses the hoodlums, not vice versa, that only Hoffa has the drive to organize the unorganized.

Moreover, another argument goes, to hand the Teamsters an ultimatum to which they could not agree would be inviting creation of a rival federation headed by Hoffa and embracing the International Longshoremen's Association and a sizeable number of other unions which would follow him out of the AFL-CIO.

To accept this line is to play Hoffa's game. Inside the AFL-CIO he could claim the right to aid from fellow unions in his projected drive to double his membership and tighten his hold over the whole growing field of distribution in the country. As a member in good standing, he would have the use of the AFL-CIO's good name as a public relations shield for the future. The chance to isolate the "typhoid Marys" of the rackets who have infected the Teamster movement through Hoffa would be thrown away, and the chance surely increased that Hoffa, spreading the infection to other unions as he expanded his power, would one day be the most powerful figure in a disfigured AFL-CIO.

Fly Your Kite, Foster

ALL COMMUNIST CHINA had to do was offer some young Americans a free trip to Peiping and the whole US State Department trembled. Did our Ambassador in Moscow blush when, on instructions, he warned the American delegates to the Communist Youth Festival that by accepting the Chinese invitation they might lose their passports, or have them taken up and marked valid only for a one-way trip home, or be assessed a $5,000 fine for misuse of their passports, or even be caught up in the Trading With The Enemy Act? Fortunately for the good name of American independence, 41 of those warned told the Department to go fly its kite and off they went on their adventure. Their passports probably *will* be lifted on their return (and that is all that will be done), but they will have had the youthful satisfaction of having defied not only their government, but also the stereotype of a generation which is said to be compliant, conformist and prematurely "mature".

Within the American festival delegation, there were professional Communist Party agitators, semi-pros, nice but naive idealists and some who were none of these. Even so, one correspondent reported that our delegates "let more fresh political air into the Soviet Union than anyone else had done in years." That must have been a surprise to the Department which had done its best to keep anyone from attending the Festival, believing, as the Department usually does, that Communists are cleverer than we and therefore likely to outwit us when we meet.

We look forward now to seeing what the Department does about its ban on travel to China by newsmen; the defiance of the 41 will help bring this related issue to a head. But how will the Department justify relaxing the ban on journalistic travel, having just warned young Americans that to go to China would be "subversive of the well-known foreign policy on which these passport regulations are based?" Will it admit that our foreign policy has changed? Highly improbable. Will it say that journalists have special rights which curious non-journalists do not have? That will be a difficult legal thesis to defend. Will it say that journalists are more "responsible" than non-journalists and so they and they alone may travel to the Chinese mainland? That will be an even harder thesis to uphold.

We do not question the government's authority over the issuance or use of passports. To us, the issue involved is not one of constitutional principle but one of prudence. It should have been apparent to the Department that whatever it did or did not do about travel to Moscow or Peiping, the Communists would turn it to their propaganda advantage. How much more prudent it would have been, therefore, for the Department to have led from strength, rather than weakness. It would then have encouraged young Americans to go to the Moscow Youth Festival, to see and to be seen. And it would have said to those who wished to go on to Peiping: "Make up your own minds, go where you please, you're free—even to make fools of yourselves."

Fever in Syria

WHEN a low-grade infection persists in the human body, a high fever can be a blessing if it speeds up the production of antibodies. Applying this principle of medical science to the malaise of the Middle

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 NINETEENTH ST. N. W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.
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Published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) and copyrighted, 1957 in the USA by The New Republic, Inc., and distributed to newsstands by the Eastern News Company, N. Y. 14, N. Y. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-cass matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 25c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses.

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East, can we reasonably hope that there is an encouraging side to the Syrian crisis in which Communists gained control over the 25,000-man Army and, in all likelihood, over the direction of foreign policy? The antibodies which may counteract Communist infection are to be expected not in Syria itself but in the neighboring Arab states of Lebanon, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Jordan, which have vainly sought to harmonize Arab unity with their own independence. To these states it must now be clearer than it was that Syria's two-year flirtation with the Soviet Union has not been an affair between equals, and that the policy of "positive neutralism"—a term used by both Egypt and Syria—may easily lead to a surrender of national independence.

THE PRESENT US strategy of separating "good Arabs from the bad" has not necessarily been impaired by events in Syria. In the past many Arabs have considered the Communist menace to be an American invention. Now they can observe the results of a Communist takeover at close range.

Two factors in Syria made possible the Communist success: a government willing to put itself hopelessly in financial debt to the Russians, and an army willing to become wholly dependent for equipment and training on the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. Once these surrenders had been made, it was empty indeed for the chief Syrian negotiator in Moscow to declare: "We do not accept your Communism."

Syria's inherent internal weaknesses contributed to Communist success. The four million Syrians are mostly drought-ridden farmers, their wheat and cotton fields scattered thinly over an area the size of Nebraska. The nation is poor in minerals. Its meager industry is confined mainly to processing of farm products. The 5-year economic plan prepared by a World Bank mission not long ago held little promise even by Middle Eastern standards. Syria's two potentially important economic assets are the royalties on oil pipelines and the tourist attractions of Crusaders' castles and Biblical sites. Present political developments are likely to foreclose exploitation of both these assets.

Yet even a complete Communist takeover in Syria, for all its menacing aspects—especially command of the oil pipelines and access to the Mediterranean—carries certain built-in limitations. Syria has no common boundary with the Soviet bloc, and no Communist regime has yet been able to maintain itself in power isolated territorially from other Communist states. Moreover, Syria has never established stability throughout the 36 years since it was carved from the remnants of the Turkish Empire. Syria has few of its own military agents in neighboring Arab countries comparable to Nasser's network (10 Egyptian attachés expelled for subversive activity in Arabic speaking countries during the past two years). Nor does Syria exert cultural influence beyond its borders like Egypt with its 1,600 teachers on duty in other Arab speaking countries.

Full Communist power in Syria would pose two dangers to Moscow. One is the hardening attitude of the other Arab states. Just as abundant Russian aid to Egypt led to provocative acts against other Arab governments, so there is the possibility that Communist power in Syria will generate the very Arab split which Moscow and Nasser have sought to avoid. Furthermore, a Communist Government in Syria which speaks with pride of Islam will be embarrassing to the Soviet Union which has sought for 40 years to stamp out the secular influence of the Moslem religion in the Asian Soviet Republics.

It is entirely possible, in short, that a change for the worse inside Syria may help bring about a change for the better in the rest of the area—if Mr. Dulles studies the lessons of the Eisenhower Doctrine, desists for the moment from further huffing and puffing about the Middle East and quietly encourages the Arabs to lead.

Flu Prescription

THANKS to the alertness of Army doctors, the Public Health Service and drug manufacturers, the United States will suffer less severely from the new Asiatic influenza than have other countries already hit by the epidemic. Even before the first case appeared in this country, Army doctors had identified the new disease and Public Health officials had persuaded the drug industry to go into mass production of a vaccine. And no one is assuming, as Mrs. Hobby did in the case of the Salk polio shots, that there will be no great public demand for innoculations.

Even so, the US is now well seeded with the virus and we can expect a large epidemic along with the winter weather, which causes it to spread, according to US Surgeon General Leroy E. Burney. "If present attack and mortality rates continue, we could have as many as 33 million people ill, with approximately 66,000 deaths," he estimates.

The new vaccine, about 70 percent effective, is the only preventive. But there will not be enough of it for everyone before the cold weather comes. Burney doubts that there will be enough vaccine available by the time most schools convene to conduct extensive vaccination programs. One-half of what will be available by September 15 is already contracted for by the military. Those who are responsible for medical care and "other essential groups" will rightly have next call on the supply. (Local health departments will have the delicate job of deciding who is more "essential," bakers or bankers). The six licensed manufacturers have agreed to allocate each week's production of the vaccine to the states according

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to their proportion of the total population. Production of anti-biotics, useful in treating the bacterial after-effects of flu attack, has been given high priority.

A proper sense of urgency in preparing for what is to come seems to exist everywhere, in fact, except the Bureau of the Budget. When the Surgeon General submitted his plan for dealing with the coming emergency to the Bureau of the Budget after its approval by Welfare Secretary Marion Folsom, he was told to cut in half what he considered the most vital part of the plan before presenting it to Congress. To save approximately $300,000, the Budget Bureau instructed the Surgeon General to lower from 42 to 20 his request for appropriations for new laboratories equipped to study the progression of the epidemic across the country and so improve chances of minimizing its effects. "Who is the epidemiologist down there in the Budget Bureau who says he knows more about what is needed than the Surgeon General and his experts?" asked Sen. Lister Hill (D, Ala.) when the Budget Bureau's economizing came to light during Appropriations Committee testimony. "It must be Dr. Brundage," Senator Ellender guessed. The Appropriations Committee wisely decided to follow Dr. Burney's prescription rather than Dr. Brundage's. The Public Health Service's entire program has been approved.

Afterthoughts in Britain

FOUR MONTHS after unveiling his celebrated White Paper on defense policy, Duncan Sandys, British Minister of Defense, is up against a nationwide clamor for some sober second thoughts about reliance on nuclear deterrence. Although the dilatory nature of the campaign in Oman arises from political rather than military causes, it has added to the growing feeling that the White Paper endangers Britain's capacity to deal with the local wars which now represent the main threat to her interests overseas. Significantly, Britain's reappraisal comes at the same time that the State Department, for no immediate reasons, has been studying the concept of "limited wars" in the light of the development of small nuclear weapons.

The British Government denies any Cabinet split, but both the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries are calling for a new look at the White Paper as a whole—a demand echoed by leading Conservative newspapers. Moreover, Britain's allies are still fighting vigorously against the strategic concept embodied in the White Paper. Both NATO and Western European Union may try to veto any further reductions in Britain's Rhine Army.

Anxiety in Britain centers mainly on the priority given to nuclear air power within a reduced overall defense expenditure, and the pledge to abolish conscription altogether in three years time. The Government is alloting so much money to long-range atomic weapons, critics argue, that it will be unable to give its drastically reduced conventional forces the mobility which would enable them to make up for the loss of foreign bases.

Even more serious is the mounting evidence that if Britain abolishes conscription altogether she will be unable to produce much more than half the 375,000 men envisaged in the White Paper. Despite big increases in army pay and allowances, regular recruiting figures for the last quarter show not an increase, but a drop of one-third—vindication for those critics who said that at a time of full employment, no monetary incentive could fully compensate for the interruption of family life, inevitable in the British Army.

When the White Paper was published the Conservatives welcomed it almost unanimously. Its promise to slash defense costs and abolish conscription looked like a political winner. But now that its implications are becoming clearer the Government's own supporters are beginning to revolt against it. Typically enough, the first rebellion came over the merging of old-established regiments—inevitable once the decision had been taken to reduce the size of the army. Here the Government managed to placate the many ex-officers in its own ranks by offering exceptionally generous compensation to redundant officers.

Now the debate has turned to a more serious aspect of the problem. To a man, the Conservative are desperately anxious that Britain should retain her status as a Great Power in the military sense. In the mood of chauvinistic isolationism following Suez, they saw military greatness exclusively in terms of membership of the thermonuclear club, and welcomed the White Paper particularly for its emphasis on the H-Bomb. They now see that this change in priorities has brought a drastic decrease in Britain's influence in Europe without any compensating increase in her influence on the United States. And Britain's apparent inability to scotch a tribal revolt in Oman has touched off uneasy speculation about her preparedness in more vital areas. As the *Sunday Times* morosely observed:

> We are not yet reduced to resigning as a world power: it is still a question of what kind of world power we can be. And unless the answer is, in our case, a power that at least disposes of enough conventional force to meet its obligations to dependencies and friends round the oceans, it is no answer at all. If this means scaling down our plans for nuclear-weapon production and development, then that is the conclusion that must be faced.

For the Conservatives, action on this sensible, if belated advice, not only means abandoning most of what was electorally attractive in the White Paper—but also changing their Minister of Defense.

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Sacco and Vanzetti

AUGUST 22 marked thirty years since Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. Their case is now all but forgotten in the rush of great events; it is hard to recall that in 1927, all over the world, crowds rioted in front of American embassies in protest at the execution, and that the United States' relations with many other countries were strained.

Almost no one believes any more that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the crime for which they were put to death. They were victims in part of the anti-radical hysteria after World War I (the crime, the murder of a paymaster in South Braintree, was committed in 1920) and in part of the reluctance of the state to admit after the trial that an injustice had been done. Massachusetts still refuses to admit its wrongdoing. Yet the cause which seemed at the time so hopelessly lost turned out to be at least in some ways a victory. There have been no comparable American incidents since then, and a number of states have changed their laws to permit the reopening of a case involving a capital crime when new evidence is discovered—something that was illegal in Massachusetts and many other places thirty years ago.

The New Republic is proud to recall that it played an active part in the effort to save the poor shoemaker and the fish peddler. Over a period of six years we published a mass of material recording both the reasons for believing that Sacco and Vanzetti had not received a fair trial as well as the successive steps in the effort to save their lives. (One of the editors, who visited them in prison shortly before the execution, was deeply affected to find that they refused to talk about their own impending fate, pleading instead that *The New Republic* should bend every effort toward the release of Mooney and Billings, both then in prison in California!) At the last moment, the editors dug into their own pockets and bought a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*, addressed to Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, setting forth the compelling reasons for executive clemency. We have no knowledge that he ever saw it.

Mathematics in Tuskegee

MILITANT segregationists in the South can be expected to concoct some fanciful legal devices to block Negro voting, and the devices can become fanciful indeed without causing so much as a flutter from Southern public opinion. But when one segregationist tries to dump *his* Negroes on another's doorstep as the way out of his political difficulties, militancy has reached a deadend of dimishing returns.

In State Senator Sam Engelhardt's stronghold of Macon County, Alabama, home of Tuskegee Institute, Negroes happen to number 85 percent of the population —highest proportion for any county in the United States. First Engelhardt decided to gerrymander the city limits of the county seat of Tuskegee to avoid the possibility of Negro control of the municipality. His gerrymandering bill was accepted unanimously.

Tuskegee Negroes, however, reacted promptly to the loss of their municipal citizenship. Their Tuskegee Civic Association sponsored a notably effective boycott of white merchants. In retaliation, Engelhardt charged the group's leader with Communist or Communist-front associations. Despite denials, Attorney-General John Patterson, widely regarded as a candidate for Governor, seized the occasion to make headlines by leading a raid on Association headquarters—in search, he said, of evidence to support court action. Since the boycott has continued with considerable success, local white merchants began to question discreetly whether their Senator may have gone too far.

UNDAUNTED, Engelhardt has moved to carry out an earlier and broader threat. He introduced a bill to abolish Macon County outright, giving part of it to each of five adjoining counties to distribute and minimize the influence of potential Negro voters. But while nobody had objected when the county abolition proposal was only a threat—and good clean fun at that—the introduction of actual legislation was another matter. What about the five counties which would receive slices of Macon County? Militant segregationists in those counties were the first to take a close second look. And when they did, as the stoutly segregationist *Montgomery Advertiser* reported, "few of them liked what they found." They saw "a myriad of geopolitical complexities" which appalled them. Whereupon, amid rising voices of opposition, the *Advertiser* illuminated the issue with a rare display of editorial satire.

Why stop at Macon? Why not systematically reduce the number of Alabama counties in the interests of more efficient government? Extending the logic of Macon to all other counties in which more than half of the population is Negro, the *Advertiser* named 13 which should be

> abolished forthwith. . . . There now, we have already reduced the number from 67 to 53. From here on it should be child's play. For instance: There are at least eight counties in the vicinity of these wherein Negroes lack a numerical majority by only a few percentage points. Almost certainly, the addition of refugees from the 14 above counties (including Macon) will swell the Negro percentages to a majority. They could then be abolished for the same reason as the others were—leaving, now, 45 counties. And so on as each surrounding county has its Negro total increased by displaced persons from neighboring counties already erased in the abolition movement. Montgomery County, with 44 percent of its population already Negro, would probably fall too. But we must be impartial.

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Khrushchev Opts For A Divided Germany

RADIATING a benevolence which he assumes as easily as a mummer dons his mask, and an unmistakable and devastating vitality, Khrushchev has come to East Germany and gone. It was manifestly *his* visit and from this fact that eclectic class of "students of Soviet affairs" may be able to make any one of a dozen deductions.

With its usual myopia, the West German press wrote off the visit as a piece of clumsy propaganda—designed to influence the course of the West German elections and, only secondarily, to boost the prestige of the East German Republic. Cartoons which appeared in West German newspapers showed Khrushchev as an idiot reformer, preaching to the unrepentant Stalinist Ulbricht, or as a twin in long clothes, smiling in a sinister way at the empty place in his procession left by Bulganin's absence. Both Social Democrats and Christian Democrats agreed on one thing: that Khrushchev was in East Berlin in order to prevent precisely their party from winning the September elections.

But was the Khrushchev visit a mere piece of election propaganda? Here are reasons for thinking the reverse. On July 26 Prime Minister Grotewohl produced his plan for German reunification. East and West Germany, he explained, were to form a "German Confederation" in which their administrations could continue to exist side by side while they discussed means to a closer integration. The two German states would leave NATO and the Warsaw Pact, and would declare their territories to be "nuclear-free" preserves. Arrangements would be made for the withdrawal of all foreign troops from German soil. The "Grotewohl Plan" was regarded as a political kite in West Germany. It might indeed have been just that. But not, certainly, after Khrushchev came all the way from Moscow to embrace it as official Soviet policy and, in so doing, to seize the initiative in planning for German reunification.

On the face of it, the Grotewohl (Khrushchev) Plan is more practicable than the Western alternative of free, all-German elections. There would in any event have to be exhaustive discussion of economic and social divergencies prior to reunification. Who would undertake such discussions? According to Khrushchev, the Germans themselves. There would have to be an agreed procedure for the holding of all-German elections. Who should decide that? Again, he says, the Germans. His plan carries the right sound to East German if not West German ears. And the East Germans are his primary concern. It is hardly likely that he will let the continuing division of Germany hurt *him*.

In the Volkskammer he told the East Germans that they had a special responsibility as citizens of a "socialist" state which was thrust up against rich capitalist neighbors. This was to show that the socialist world offered the most. Khrushchev promised that the Soviet Union would help, and his companion Mikoyan, after a painstaking study of the East German economy, promised specifically increased Russian shipments of hard coal, coke, pig iron, iron ore and other badly needed raw materials. Here is a ray of sunshine for the Grotewohl-Ulbricht regime. In the past the regime has faced a threat of economic breakdown each January caused by the freezing-up of the opencast lignite fields and the shortage of electric power. Now there is a fair chance that the East German economy may be made crisis-proof.

The most provocative sentence spoken by Khrushchev contained his "proposal" to withdraw all Soviet troops from Central Europe. In return all American troops would have to leave European and "other" bases in the Old World. Do the Russians really fear that American forces might attack the Soviet Union unexpectedly? Or do they assume that the loss of the American contribution would fold up NATO and open an economically and socially unstable Western Europe to peaceful penetration? Or was he merely talking for German consumption?

IN ANY EVENT, the operative result of his visit is that the Grotewohl Plan, now a part of Soviet policy, gives maximum scope and flexibility for Soviet designs. West Germany, with 51 million people and the huge industrial bait of the Ruhr, is a prize too tempting simply to be written off. If German reunification is deemed inadvisable and West Germany is not absorbed into the Soviet orbit, East Germany can still be developed into the workshop of the Communist bloc and retained as such. NATO can in the meantime be disrupted or at least weakened. The satellites can be reassured that a Western, individualist and therefore unpredictable all-Germany will not be created. Ulbricht, Moscow-trained and trustworthy, can be left in charge in East Berlin for a long time to come.

The Khrushchev visit cannot be shrugged off. He did not come to Berlin for a change of air and the long-term impact of his visit may be the perpetual division of a Germany which nearly killed his country 16 years ago.

Bonn TERENCE PRITTIE

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Small Cars: If You Can't Lick 'Em . . .

GENERAL MOTORS' recent announcement that it has decided to enter the small car field with its European-made Vauxhall and Opel shook the theoretical foundations of the American auto industry. For until the largest auto producer in the world did an about-face on the small car idea, the German Volkswagen was considered an amusing if inconsequential item on the home market.

Repeated warnings that the American-made cars were reaching a saturation point in size, speed, cost, upkeep and numbers were ignored by the auto industry. If nothing else entered the picture but the amazing sales increase of small car imports—they will reach the 200,000 mark this year—the auto industry would have to stop and ponder its firm faith in the big car idea. But many other things have intervened to force a re-examination of auto industry thinking.

It is no secret, for example, that once again the auto industry has a sales crisis. Only it wasn't supposed to happen this year. In 1956 the growth of the number of unsold new cars to a high inventory figure of 800,000 was explained away by the comfortable viewpoint that the 1956 models were only warmed-over 1955's, and besides, credit was tight, so what else could one expect?

1957 was supposed to be different. The Big Three, General Motors, Ford and Chrysler, spent over one billion dollars in retooling and restyling to bring out new models whose virtues would be extolled in superlatives purchased by a $300 million advertising program.

What happened? There was no spring pick-up—a concept that has been of dubious worth in the postwar years anyway. Both Harlow Curtice of General Motors and Henry Ford backed down on previous optimistic predictions of sales for 1957. The figure was lowered from between 6.5 to 7 million down to less than 6 million cars.

Production based on a spring market that wasn't there meant an accumulation of new and unsold cars, even though GM repeatedly cut its work week to slow down the process. Nevertheless, new car inventories reached the fabulous peak of 800,000 this month. Now the auto industry is repeating the 1956 pattern: cutbacks in production with shutdowns for a week or longer at Mercury, Buick, and DeSoto. Unemployment up. Detroit, Flint and Pontiac are again distress labor areas with more than six percent of their work force unemployed.

But that is only one side of the story and does not account for GM's decision to enter the small car field. Public reaction to increased horsepower, larger dimensions with additional parking problems, emphasis on speed and disregard of safety had become sufficiently widespread that the industry "reformed" itself with a curb on its competition in those areas. Even more significant for GM was the steady loss of its share of the market within the context of this year's shrinking market. Ford has replaced Chevrolet as number one seller and Plymouth has taken third place over Buick.

Another interesting aspect of the current car scene is the increasing price resistance in the middle bracket. Trade journals have noted it since the first of the year, and it gives a clue to why GM says that Pontiac dealers will handle the English-made Vauxhall and Buick dealers the German-made Opel. Harlow Curtice, in revising his sales estimates downward, hinted that two of GM's divisions were running in the red this year!

Both the National Auto Dealers Association and Walter P. Reuther, UAW president, warned the auto industry at the introduction of the 1957 models that higher price tags could be the difference between a 6.5 to 7 million or 5.5 to 6 million car sales in 1957. The advice went unheeded. Nor does the industry pretend any concern over the fact that debt on new cars has climbed to over $14 billion.

In a period of inflation and frequent style changes, the combination of exhorbitant cost of upkeep of autos and driving expenses, plus the drastic loss in depreciation, has finally impressed many American car owners. The most practical answer to those problems is the small car. Volkswagen pioneered the way and is here to stay. The Big Three can't help noting with envy that Volkswagen has a three to four month backlog of orders while Ford, Chrysler and General Motors have 800,000 unsold cars at dealers.

GM's concession to this new trend gives it insurance that it won't be caught napping in the future, for it owns Vauxhall and Opel. Ford already has been importing its smaller English models to meet the market. Chrysler officials are silent, but they have in the past probed into this idea. GM's action no doubt will convince them that a new day is coming. For it was a GM designer, lured away from that corporation a few years ago, who stylized Chrysler products that are now selling better than in years.

The problem for consumers in this era of cheap dollars and high prices is that even the cost of small cars is high. GM expects to sell its Vauxhall and Opel cars at around $1800. The Volkswagen sells for slightly less. But they all get at least 30 miles per gallon of gasoline.

FOR the industry as a whole, GM's announcement means a future marked with uncertainties and risks. Ford, for example, expects to go all-out in selling the new Edsel this fall in the shrinking medium price field.

For Walter Reuther and the UAW these new events also pose a fresh challenge. European auto workers build the small cars, whose importance in the market will grow, at wages roughly one-third those of Reuther's union's members. Moreover, as the small car sales increase, the permanent labor force decreases. If the small car trend gains momentum, for example, American manufacturers may lose another 100,000 sales in 1958—which means that the 8,000 American workers needed to assemble 100,000 cars become expendable, not to mention 2,000 more in parts and supply plants who would suffer from the cutback. One year from now the UAW meets the dealine of this new challenge when its major contracts expire.

Detroit B. J. WIDICK

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The Superficial Aspect

The Oldest Fetish

At the London meeting of the American Bar Association last month a report was submitted by the Committee on Communist Tactics, Strategy and Objectives, headed by former Senator Herbert R. O'Conor, of Maryland. The report was critical of recent decisions of the Supreme Court, particularly of the decision that former membership in the Communist party is not sufficient ground for barring a man from the practice of law. But the report apparently refers to the whole group of civil rights decisions in this paragraph:

> If the courts lean too far backward in the maintenance of theoretical individual rights it may be that we have tied the hands of our country and have rendered it incapable of carrying out the first law of humanity—the right of self-preservation.

Senator O'Conor undoubtedly believes that. He is a man whose sincerity and patriotism are not to be questioned—an assertion based not on hearsay but on personal acquaintance through more years than either of us would perhaps care to advertise. If, then, he accepts this doctrine, it is reasonable to suppose that it is accepted by many other sincere and patriotic men.

But it is not the doctrine of either the Declaration of American Independence or the Constitution of the United States. In the view of the men who wrote the basic documents the government is not human and does not possess the rights of humanity; the government is an organization created by human beings "to effect their safety and happiness," says the Declaration, while the Constitution elaborates it a bit: "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The safety and happiness of the government is not an object. The liberty of the government is not an object. The rights of the people, including "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are the excuse for being of the government; and "whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it."

The government's right of self-preservation therefore is not absolute. It ends when it becomes destructive of the "theoretical individual rights" of citizens. How, then, can the Supreme Court lean backward in protecting those rights? If they are not protected, the government, according to the document that created it, loses its right to exist. If the Court did anything to contribute to that loss, how could any of the Justices answer to his own conscience?

The heresy that has crept into this report is one of the oldest aberrations of the human mind. It is fetishism, the attribution of power to the symbol of power. We understand it well enough when it takes the form of idolatry or voodooism, and intelligent men long ago ceased being victimized by charms and amulets; but when the fetish is no material object, but an idea, it still exerts power over some able minds.

When we talk of the absurdity of granting freedom to attack freedom we are setting up a fetish. There is neither freedom nor slavery in an uninhabited desert, which is to say that neither exists independently. There is neither freedom nor slavery, only free people and slaves.

The mudsill of our system of government is that the attribute of freedom appertains of right to all men, except those who have forfeited it by criminal conduct. If they are evil men, nevertheless they retain the right to be free until they perform some criminal act. To argue that other men ought not to be free is not, as yet, a criminal act; if it had been, John Adams and Alexander Hamilton would hardly have escaped the clutches of the law.

The government of the United States is not one of God's creatures, endowed with all the rights and privileges of the citizens of the United States. Most emphatically, it is not a super-citizen, endowed with the right of self-preservation even against its creators. It is simply an agency to effect our safety and happiness and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity; and its right to existence is conditioned upon its serving those ends.

If one comes into court complaining that the government has denied his right to the pursuit of happiness although he has been convicted of no crime, the court cannot accept the plea that the government was acting in its own interest. The government has no interest other than protecting the right of the citizen to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

All of which is the very A-B-C of Americanism. Most strange it is that after so many years it should still be worth mentioning. It is like arguing that to be sound in wind and limb is really a good thing. Yet if as stately an organization as the American Bar Association doesn't know its A-B-C's there would seem nothing to do but re-open the kindergarten.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Chinese Intellectuals

Mao's "Hundred Flowers" Wither After a Brief Season in the Sun

by ROBERT GUILLAIN

TING LING, the famous Miss Ting Ling, the most famous woman writer in Communist China, has just been arraigned by the regime because of her "rightist" opinions. This has most certainly created a sensation in all of China. It sounds a death knell to the hopes raised among the young intellectuals by the ephemeral "free discussion" movement in May and June of this year, as well as by Mao's celebrated speech on "contradictions" and his earlier edict of one year ago: "Let one hundred flowers blossom, let one hundred schools of thought contend."

For one year, Peking seemed to have made a considered decision to inject a certain amount of freedom in the Chinese system. First, inspired by de-Stalinization, came Mao's "Hundred Flowers" doctrine; then, in the summer of 1956, a spate of press stories conceding popular discontent; and finally, on February 27, prompted in part by the events in Hungary, Mao's acknowledgement that conflicts between the government and people did exist in China. But when Mao appealed for "rectification" of the party's errors and abuses, he doubtless did not foresee that criticism would flood China with the force of the Yangtse bursting its dams.

By the end of June, the patience of the party was totally exhausted. If Mao actually believed that abuses could be rectified, he completely misjudged the country, for the critics went well beyond the limits permissible in a totalitarian state. Chou En-lai at the People's Congress in June signalled the counter-attack, and the denunciation of Ting Ling, who was, after all, a Stalin Prize winner, completed the full circle of events which had followed the "Hundred Flowers" speech. But—and here is the tragedy—the tyranny of the party will, if anything, bear even more heavily on literary and cultural circles now than it did when I observed the great housecleaning in operation, under the benevolent hand of the Federation of Writers, during my visit to China in the months shortly before Mao pronounced his doctrine.

"TO DIRECT the authors in their work and in their lives, that is one of the goals of the Federation of Writers and Artists." These were the words of Mr. Fu Tsai, poet and vice-president of the Federation's branch in the city of Sian and the Province of Shensi. Sian, the ancient capital of China and the cradle of the country's civilization, boasts of having inspired China's greatest poet, Li Po. It is said that he lived there on the Blue Mountain, beyond the gentle plain of corn studded with poplars, so reminiscent of the countryside of France. Perhaps it was actually a descendant of Li Po who spoke to me.

"You say that the Federation *directs* literary and artistic works?"

"That's right," replied Mr. Fu Tsai, delighted with the interest his statement had obviously aroused in me. "The author sends his completed manuscript to the Federation." "You mean to say, before getting it printed?" "Of course. The manuscript is examined by the Federation which also summons the author. The

For 20 years a correspondent in the Far East, ROBERT GUILLAIN *of the Paris newspaper* Le Monde *lived in China for part of the Thirties, returned to Shanghai for six months immediately before and after the Communist takeover, and revisited the new regime for two months in 1955. This article draws on a chapter of his forthcoming book,* Six Hundred Million Chinese, *which will be published by Criterion Books in October.*

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work is discussed by the group. They decide how to amend the book, its quality and style. The Federation helps the author to write and to raise his artistic level. Above all it discusses his thought and helps him to be ideologically correct." Mr. Fu certainly was ideologically correct, I could see this merely by looking at him. This modern poet did not let himself be interviewed under rustling bamboos or in front of a waterfall with the Blue Mountain as a background. Nor did he accept an invitation to lunch. The interview was in the correct style of the regime, bereft of any trace of poetry. The chairs with the usual covers, the poet in the inevitable blue boiler suit and the invariable icy hotel lounge. (Although the hotel, recently built, with domes laden with concrete macaroni, is certainly something to be seen; in its grandiloquent bad taste it looks like a casino in Cuba.)

"Thus the Federation helps the author to rewrite his book and to improve it," Mr. Fu went on, fiddling with the two fountain pens in his pocket—the only indication that he belonged to a literary corporation. "Perhaps you would like an example; we recently corrected a rustic novel; the discussion lasted four months." Mr. Fu explained that the author, himself of peasant origin, spoke far too little of land reform and expatiated far too long on the scenery—the fields, the trees, and the blue sky of China. "We told the author," he went on, "that what interests the reader is the progress toward socialization of agriculture and the peasant co-operative movement. The leading characters must be the poor peasant and the middle peasant. The hero of the book must be changed and everything must be made to hinge on the development of the farming co-operative. The author accepted nearly all our advice and rewrote his book."

WHEN I asked how many Communists there were in the Federation, Mr. Fu replied that he did not know. On my insistence, he gave me an estimate: "Two or three members probably belong to the Party."

"According to you," I went on, "the Federation also directs the *life* of the writers. What do you mean by that?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Fu Tsai. "Right now, for example, we are sending them to factories or farming co-operatives. Before leaving, the author is briefed by our specialists. While he is in the factory or in the fields we help him by keeping him supplied with information. Or again, we discuss in a group his impressions of the workshop, which he sends us and which we publish in our private periodical. In short, we help authors to follow Mao Tse-tung's directives concerning the new literature; that is to say, the authors must submerge themselves in the people in order to find their subjects and to describe them in the light of socialist realism."

I noted with relish these words spoken by a poet and these revelations concerning the profession of writer in the land of Li Po; but before I had finished scribbling his last remark in my notebook, Mr. Fu added this delightful detail: "And naturally," he said, "at the printers, if a comrade thinks it is necessary, he can also make a correction."

The poet of Sian, now underway, went on with the utmost complacency to explain what happened to the old books that are considered heretical. "They are suppressed. This is something new." He confirmed that the libraries were very strictly organized, allowing the tracking down and elimination of the "bad' books still in circulation. He told me what often happens to an author after the publication of a work considered open to criticism: the readers launch "a spontaneous mass movement," inundating the author with letters and publishing their objections in the newspapers. The writer then has to explain himself in public. This happened recently, for example, in Chungking; the author apologized in a newspaper article, and confessed his shortcomings.

To me, this "spontaneous mass movement" throws a very clear light on the way the system works. Invisible behind the scenes, the Communist Party, through its activists who implicitly obey orders, can at any moment pull the strings and launch a spontaneous mass movement that will immediately enmesh any deviate from the Party line.

I found this complete tutelage of writers throughout China, and what applies to literature holds good for all the other arts. In Peiping, the novelist Lao Sheh explained to me at length how socialist realism is the compulsory doctrine for every Chinese artist. The author of *Rickshaw Boy* added that "the government helps young authors to improve their books." At Hankow, a writer who admits to being a Communist had some glib aphorisms: "To write well you must study Marxism-Leninism. . . . To be a good author, following Mao Tse-tung's directive, you must support the cause of the people and follow the Party line."

A MAJOR political affair began, as it so often does in New China, as a rather abstruse ideological affair. An old and well-known professor, Yu Ping-po, had chosen the famous love story, translated into many languages, *The Dream of the Red Chamber,* as the subject of a monumental critical study—his life work. Written under the old regime, it was reprinted after the liberation, in 1952. During the ensuing two years no exception was taken to his scholarly work designed for specialists. But in October, 1954, two young, unknown students launched a ferocious campaign against the old professor in various publications. The campaign snowballed and the *People's Daily* started its own accusations—a reasonably sure sign that the whole affair had been carefully staged from the start.

The Professor's crime, of course, can be summed up with the word "idealism." Professor Yu held all the tainted bourgeois concepts—subjectivity, formalism, the

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separation of practice from theory (we should call it open-mindedness). It was all very well for the professor to assemble so many proofs of his erudition; but he had forgotten the essential—to show that *The Dream of The Red Chamber* was, in fact, a manifestation of the class struggle of the Chinese people in the eighteenth century. Professor Yu had failed in his duty to the State, which is to apply "a political criterion" to literature. (Thus it does not suffice for Marxism and scientific materialism to rule over the present; they must also be inserted into the past, color history, and go back to ancient literature in search of a pre-Marxian Marxism.)

PROFESSOR YU appeared before a tribunal of his peers. Fifty professors and leaders of the academic world, formerly his friendly colleagues, assembled to accuse him. Eighteen writers also came to overwhelm him with their disapproval, and 20 journalists were mobilized, insuring enormous publicity. A typical "campaign" was launched. In Russia, purges were one of the most striking features of the Soviet regime in its period of consolidation. The Chinese government, in addition to "brain washing," practices "remolding," a period of intense tension and ideological hammering. This remolding had proceeded by social categories, returning to mold the middle classes, the landowners, teachers, tradesmen, officials, in turn. The intellectuals had already known several investigations, but this one surpassed earlier ones.

On the orders of Peiping, the affair of *The Dream* was put on the agenda for discussion by all the intellectual circles throughout China. This represented millions of hours of "conferences" devoted to reading the official view in the *People's Daily*, and to debate until unanimity was reached about "correctness." Many intellectuals expounded self-criticisms, having suddenly discovered in themselves traces of idealism and subjectivity. The great Kuo Mo-jo, the standard bearer of culture and Chairman of the Federation, proclaimed: "This is the struggle between Marxist and idealist thought." He prescribed that this struggle be extended to all branches of knowledge—history, philosophy, economy, natural science, foreign languages, architecture, journalism.

What had been done in the meantime to poor Professor Yu sums up admirably almost the entire system of the New China. Professor Yu was handed over to the tender mercies of his friends. (What did the Nazis do? They sent for the Gestapo. What do they do in Red China? They put the deviationist into the hands of his friends.) They will "help" him. No jackbooted and helmeted police take the old professor away in a Black Maria. Only a group of professors, his devoted colleagues, are entrusted with the task of seeing that his thought, like theirs, becomes correct.

"There is nothing more ruthless or more efficacious than this method of conversion by one's friends," someone told me in Peiping. "It begins gently, with affectionate remonstrances. But if the individual persists in his incorrect thinking, they get tough. The group of friends is responsible for the conversion of the black sheep; if they fail, they too will get into trouble. Their responsibility involves them; they fear for their skins. The dear friends begin to hate and detest the rebel. The worst methods of moral violence are brought into action to break the poor man—revelations of his past faults, unmasking of his private life, threats to deprive him of all means of livelihood; the whole, of course, seasoned with tremendous appeals to his patriotism and ardent prayers for his return to the fold." This is the way Professor Yu Ping-po's thought was remolded, together with that of all intellectuals presumed to be wrong thinkers.

Miss Ting Li ... Chinese writer, denounced ... Rightist deviation."

BUT THIS was only the beginning. Just as the atomic bomb explodes the H-bomb, so was the affair of Professor Yu to launch another far more explosive campaign, that of Hu Feng, a good second-rate novelist.

Hu Feng had always, apparently, been a good Communist; he had been a member of the Party for eighteen years, sat on the steering committees of the two principal literary federations, and was even deputy for Shanghai in the National Assembly in Peiping. He had numerous friends in literary circles. In his youth he had been one of the proteges and friends of old Lu Hsun, the great literary figure of the last generation, the Gorki of China, who died in 1936. Hu Feng probably thought that his

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credit was solid enough to allow him to demur the subjection of literature to politics. The situation had become unbearable to him and the affair of Professor Yu Ping-po had been the last straw. At a meeting of writers held in Peiping in November, 1954, about the time Professor Yu was being pilloried, Hu Feng became the spokesman of all those who, in literary circles, secretly thought that the limit had been reached. It was learned later that in three resounding protests he had denounced the factionalism of the literary world and had accused of tyranny those he called "the war lords of literature." His attacks were aimed at a group which, according to Hu Feng, controlled the writers of the whole country by means of a network of spying and denunciation: the *Literary Magazine* clique, the directors of the All China Federation of Arts and Letters and those of the Union of Chinese Writers, and, finally, the staffs of the *People's Daily* and the Ministry of Cultural Affairs.

If Hu Feng counted on support, he was mistaken. From December onward, the writer was subjected to a virulent bombardment directed by the chief of the literary pontiffs at whom he had aimed, Chou Yang. For a long time the ideas developed by the latter, based on directives originally issued in Yenan by Mao Tse-tung, had played a leading part in the remolding of literary circles. In Peiping I was given one of his works in an English translation, *The People's New Literature,* which discussed at length, from 1950 onward, such ideas as that literature must be entirely political, aimed at the diffusion of Marxism and constantly bearing a propaganda message, and that feudal literature still in circulation, and in particular the classic dramas (the Peiping Opera), must be "revised." In a significant passage he defined the mission of literature as being to "describe the entire process through which the policies of the Party and the policies of the government are accepted by the masses as their own."

In February, 1955, Hu Feng was attacked even more severely than Professor Yu had been before the Congress of the Union of Chinese Writers. Chou Yang, who had just returned from Moscow where he had attended the Congress of Soviet Writers, invited the congress members to "study" the errors of Hu Feng. He also invited them, "as younger brothers and disciples," to study the conclusions of their Soviet colleagues. As a result of the Moscow Congress, socialist realism, he proclaimed, has become "the recognized medium for all progressive literature throughout the world."

The attack against Hu Feng was the signal for the great "remolding" of the intellectuals. The *People's Daily* openly explained its full scope. The first move of 1951 had only a negative aim—the elimination of feudal ideas. This time the effort would be to diffuse materialism in the Party and its subordinate organizations, which in turn educate the masses. The groups that had denounced Hu Feng — the *Literary Magazine* and the Union of Writers—would indeed be purged, but not in the way he had desired. Their leadership would be reinforced, and the Minister of Cultural Affairs was to become more powerful than ever. Professor Yu made a public confession of his errors, reproduced in full in every newspaper in China. Two months later it was Hu Feng's turn. But the *People's Daily,* in the same issue in which the writer's confession appeared, denounced it as insincere and treacherous. A few days later, on May 18th, it finally launched against Hu Feng the greatest accusation: of having plotted against the regime.

The *People's Daily,* in fact, radically transformed the character of the Hu Feng affair. Until then it had been presented as a case of ideological deviation; now it became a counter-revolutionary conspiracy, led, not only by Hu Feng, but by a clique of writers and intellectuals forming an alleged organized network. Again the authorities invited his "friends" to intervene. Numerous letters written by Hu Feng to other authors who shared some of its ideas, were also mysteriously produced by the officials. There were about seventy, written between 1949, the year of the liberation, and 1955. The *People's Daily,* which devoted whole pages to them, divided them into three categories: first, those exposing the criminal ideology of Hu Feng: second, those organizing the "Hu Feng faction"; and, finally, those revealing the plot against the Party. These controversial letters were still being secretly discussed, at least in foreign circles, when I visited Peiping five months after the event.

The publication of these letters resulted in the convocation in Peiping of a giant meeting of seven hundred "intellectual workers" with Kuo Mo-jo in the chair; among them was the famous actor Mei Lan-fang. The accusers mounted the tribune in succession. All demanded that Hu Feng should be handed over to justice, not without having previously been stripped of all his offices, including that of deputy in the National Assembly. The writer was immediately arrested. And then began, throughout China, the great hunt for Hu Fengists.

Following the example of the *People's Daily,* the entire Press reproduced the Hu Feng letters and the accusations made against him. The enormous propaganda machine was set in motion to denounce, even in the remotest villages, the presence in the ranks of the people of these enemies who, disguised as progressive writers, were caluminiators of the masses, tools of reactionary imperialism, and the authors of a plot against the Party and the People. As usual in such cases, the Communist leaders saw to it that the case they wanted to feature was known in all its details by the humblest Chinese, from the peasant of Szechwan to the first-grader in some Manchurian hamlet. While this mass action was in progress, "remolding" was proceeding severely among the intellectuals themselves. One by one

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and place by place, they were invited to search their own hearts to discover any admitted or latent Hu Fengism.

"The pressure was so great," said my Peiping informant, "that many people's nerves gave way; suicides were frequent, for instance, in the cultural organization where I am employed. Someone else in Peiping told me: "I knew certain intellectuals, well-known professors who were subjected to the sessions of study and criticism. They were in a terrible state. I've seen them tremble like leaves. They lived in terror of these compulsory sessions, and they came out of them looking like wet sponges." In Shanghai the campaign was particularly long and severe, for it was Hu Feng's city and it is not thoroughly "right-thinking." The universities were practically shut for six weeks; students and professors were closeted together under the surveillance of special instructors who had been sent to discover Hu Fengists among them. In certain cases they were told: "Statistics show that in Shanghai there is one counter-revolutionary to every ten inhabitants. Divide yourself into groups of ten and in each group find the tenth man—he is the traitor." The intellectuals were split into faculties—literature, journalism, education, philosophy, etc.—and, in each, regimented into working committees and subcommittees. In all the universities and colleges the students themselves were incorporated in the movement.

In each group or subgroup they began by studying—the paper: the *People's Daily*, of course. As always, the editorials and articles on the subject had the weight of encyclicals and law. I might add that when the intellectuals receive, through this channel, directives from above, there is no mention of the democratic procedure which is supposed to be the rule, by which nothing is decided unless it has first been demanded by the masses. The thought to be assimilated came directly from the top, from the all-powerful officers of thought, situated somewhere in Peiping. The study group was then sent lecturers who explained the errors of Hu Feng, the cause of these errors, in what way they were errors, etc. Then everyone present "compared his thought with 'the text' " as my Sian poet, using the official jargon, explained to me when I questioned him on Hu Fengism. It was the famous process of public self-criticism, where each one, speaking in turn, plumbed his heart to discover if there was or had been any element in his thought, activities, or writing which approached hidden Hu Fengism.

"EVERY filthy little scandal comes out," a witness told me, "and the big ones, too, of course. Everything is brought out, even down to fornication and affairs with women, dirty tricks played during the man's career or in his private life. It is the duty of the self-accused to discover in himself criminal faults and blameworthy actions. If he does not find enough, his friends will do it for him and trample on his reputation. Chinese vanity, which is often very acute, their susceptibility, and their famous fear of losing face, all go by the board." Criticism and self-criticism end in the signing of a written confession. "You might think that the Chinese who signs it could not really take it seriously," someone said to me. "But confession is not a gesture which remains without consequences. The authorities very often make use of it. Recently in Shanghai a crowd was to be seen terrorizing by great shouts of abuse a repentant and confessed black marketeer. This demonstration, of course, was 'spontaneous' only in the sense the word has assumed in the regime. You must not think that these confessions remain confidential. If they can be used as an example, or are interesting, they circulate from office to office, or from town to town. The most important are read throughout China, from Harbin to Canton."

I should never have believed that the Chinese would accept criticism and self-criticism. But the method is not even limited to an exceptional affair, such as that of Hu Feng, affecting a particularly interesting class, such as the intellectual elite. It is constantly and universally applied. The most insignificant Chinese, the rickshaw boy or the post-office employee, the stone breaker or the stevedore, submit to criticism and self-criticism. In Old China the women's feet were cruelly bound; New China has bound the heads of the Chinese.

HERE is the confession, in its typical jargon, of Professor Yu Ping-po. He is more famous than ever since his misfortunes, now that he has been converted and is, as they say, "a new man":

> In my case there still remains a serious question: I have failed in my duty by not waking up to the truth. My comprehension has come to me piecemeal. At first I almost refused to recognize this error and at the time I considered that my subjective point of view conformed to objective realities. Then, after undergoing criticism and undertaking an ideological revision, I came to realize that the fault had been caused by a rift between the academic and the political points of view and that my early studies were, in fact, very incorrect. But at that stage, while realizing my error, I still considered that it was not serious. Only very recently have I come to recognize its enormity, to realize that I cannot indefinitely remain divorced from the correct position, the correct point of view and the correct method, and that I must decide to face up to the truth and adopt a realistic attitude. I have often considered the problems in a formalist manner and have attempted to solve them subjectively, so that unconsciously I separated Marxism-Leninism from objective fact. Unless I repudiate the past, I cannot build the future. With the untiring help of my comrades I am resolved to reinforce my ideological comprehension, and I wish humbly and realistically to correct reform. . . .

These few lines represent about one twentieth of the whole text of the public confession of Professor Yu Ping-po, as it appeared in the *Literary Magazine*.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Professional Outsider

by Charles Curran

EVERY man hugs to himself a delusion that nobody—psychoanalyst, priest, dialectician, wife or enemy—can take away from him. It is the delusion that his beliefs and convictions are his personal choice, end-products of a process basically rational. Some men hold this more loosely than others; they are willing to admit the relevance of heredity, temperament, upbringing, environment, sexual experience or sheer accident in determining their beliefs. But whatever the extent of the delusion, it must be detected from without. Its full dimensions are seen only when a man is studied in detail by an independent observer.

The Life of Hilaire Belloc: The Authorized Biography, by Robert Speaight (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy; $6.50).

Robert Speaight's biography of Hilaire Belloc is such a study. There is a tragic fascination about it. For many men the delusion is a vitalizing lie, an asset rather than a handicap; but for some men (and Belloc was one) it is a lifelong disaster, something that turns talent into nullity. This biography is a case-book report on the process.

Belloc was crammed with talent. He was poet, wit, scholar, satirist, historian, novelist, orator, debater, social prophet; and in each role he was outstanding. He had the fertility that is one of the components of genius; Mr. Speaight lists more than 150 books and pamphlets produced by Belloc in his 40-odd years of authorship (including a History of England in eleven volumes). His political novels, unfairly forgotten, reveal more about the arcana of pre-Socialist British public life than anything since Disraeli. He wrote that uncanny piece of social forecasting *The Servile State* — as penetrating as *Das Kapital* and as prophetic as *Mein Kampf*. In the art of public debate he was judged equal to Shaw. Yet his influence was negligible; he was dismissed by most of his contemporaries as merely a clever oddity; he was perpetually harassed by poverty; and he died believing himself, with some justice, to have been a failure.

Whence came the disparity between so much talent and so little impact? The biographical facts supplied by Mr. Speaight provide the answer. They exhibit Belloc as a near-perfect example of the havoc that the great delusion can sometimes cause. For Belloc's beliefs were not at all, as he obstinately supposed, the product of reflection and ratiocination. They were in reality the resultant of forces outside his conscious mind that never reached an equilibrium. His personality, like a doubtful battle, was an area of unresolved conflict.

The split in his personality began with his birth, which took place in 1870 at a village outside Paris. His father was French—a sickly, unsuccessful barrister who died a few weeks later; his mother was English, a convert to her husband's Roman Catholicism. She took the boy to England, where he was brought up, but she allowed him to retain French nationality. He spent much time in France, he went briefly to a French school, he did his military service as a French Army conscript, and he did not become a naturalized British citizen until he was 32. Those three ambiguous decades of loyalties divided by the Straits of Dover put an indelible mark on Belloc. They left him rootless.

From this discordance, which clanged through his formative years at an English Catholic school and at Oxford University, there came that appetite for violence which was to distinguish Belloc all his life, and which made him profoundly repugnant to two generations of Englishmen. Driven to identify himself with something, he chose the idea of force. He was captivated almost to the point of hypnosis by the French Revolution, Napoleon, battlefields and bloodshed. His opinions were selected for him by the clash in his rootless personality; he was a republican, a revolutionary and a reactionary all at once. In the Oxford of the nineties he was a brilliant alien, eminent among his contemporaries by reason of his scholarship, his vitality and his habit of verbal violence.

All this might have been transient, the effervescent recklessness of a young man finding his feet. But then something happened to Belloc that was to fix him permanently in his role of outsider. Having taken a first in history at Oxford, the penniless Belloc (whose University career had been paid for by his sister's husband) considered his future. At 25 he was a remarkable young man, and he knew it. He had achieved far more than academic distinction in his University career; for he had been a dazzling success in the Oxford Union, the undergraduate debating society which is a springboard into British politics. Now he wanted some leisure, some money, a breathing-space to brood and write. He applied—it was a natural step to take—for a fellowship at All Souls College.

ALL SOULS is unique among Oxford colleges. It contains no undergraduates. A fellowship there confers an income, free rooms and meals, absence from all material worries, and the companionship of men who regard themselves and are regarded by others as the intellectual aristocracy of England, the cerebrating wing of the ruling class. Belloc sought to be admitted to their number; and they rejected him.

The blow to his pride was overwhelming and permanent. He insisted, then and for ever afterwards, that All Souls turned him down because he was a Catholic. Mr. Speaight discounts this. "It is more likely" he writes "that All Souls rejected him because he was not universally popular. The Fellows may well have thought twice before welcoming into their midst a man who monopolized every conversation." There was a further reason for his unpopularity. The French half of Belloc's personality had been ignited by the Dreyfus case; he was fiercely hostile to that accused Jew, and he saw the pro-Dreyfus cam-

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paign as a Semitic plot to wreck France by discrediting both her Army and her Church.

Until his rejection by All Souls, Belloc had taken his Catholicism very much for granted. But under the festering humiliation of his disappointment—which became an obsession with him for the rest of his life—his zeal for the Faith swelled and mounted. It would be unfair and untrue to cast the slightest doubt on the sincerity of Belloc's religion; he was a Catholic from his cradle. But it is fair to say that from the time of his rejection by All Souls he used his Catholicism as an instrument of attack, almost of revenge.

This alienation grew with the years. In 1906 Belloc was elected to Parliament as a Liberal MP. Very few literary men have ever been successful in British politics, and Belloc was not one of them. But his appetite for violence was whetted by his life in the House of Commons. It exhibited itself in a book attacking the party system as a sham because Liberals and Tories maintained friendly social relations in spite of their political disagreements. The oddity of the criticism lay in its truth. Only a man who was completely detached from the England in which he lived could have voiced it. For Parliamentary government has been based, ever since the 18th Century, very largely on the practice of the Government dining with the Opposition. To Belloc it was an absurdity.

He was 44 when war began in 1914; and his career may be said to have ended then—although he was to live until 1953. For 1914 ended abruptly the cult of literary violence that had infected western Europe for a generation; and Belloc, like its other devotees, suddenly became out of date. It was possible to believe, from 1870 to 1914, that the ice of civilization was so thick that you could light fires on it with impunity. The fire-raisers flourished—the consumptive, tubercular Robert Louis Stevenson crying "Shall we never shed blood?"; the sexually impotent Nietzsche and Bakunin preaching violence as a sacred gospel; and Belloc, exploiting on the paper the curious quirk that makes sedentary literary men write with enthusiasm about bayonets, cavalry charges, whiffs of grapeshot and guns massed wheel-to-wheel blowing away the head of the storming column.

The long obsolescence into which Belloc fell after 1918 was no accident. For he had outlived his time. Even his work for the Catholic Church, unwearying though it was, had a flavor that was oddly musty. He was strident, clamorous, pungent in controversy, occasionally devastating. But it is highly doubtful whether, in spite of all his crusading ardor, Belloc did not do far more harm than good to his church in England. In propagating a belief, religious or secular, the maxim holds good that you can either score off your opponents or you can win them over, but you cannot do both.

Mr. Speaight's analysis is lengthy, detailed, precise. It lays bare, with comprehending skill, the whole complex mixture of resentment, bitterness and unacknowledged motive that went to the making of Belloc. As a piece of psychological biography it is flawless. Mr. Speaight points no morals, draws no conclusions; he is content to assemble the facts. Reading his book, you are left with a feeling of admiration and pity for a great talent.

"Spitballs . . . Regardless of Color"

by Alan Levy

THE FIRST DAY of integration in the Louisville schools was my wife's first day as a teacher. Like many adults in the city, she was tense that morning. She returned hom in the afternoon and said happily: "By 11 o'clock, they were throwing spitballs at each other regardless of color."

Almost a year later, a more substantial interim report is on hand. Omer Carmichael, Louisville's superintendent of schools, has collaborated on a book about the factors that went into making September 10, 1956, a triumphant day.

The Louisville Story, by Omer Carmichael and Weldon James (Simon & Schuster; $3.50 and paperback $1).

These factors include Carmichael's own Alabama childhood ("born poor, but determined to rise above it, passionately hungry for learning, and deeply influenced by the teachings of Christ"); the growth of Louisville from a Southern slave-trading center to an almost-Midwestern industrial city; the Supreme Court's 1954 decision and "prompt and clear-cut acceptance" of it by the Louisville Board of Education; compliance "without undue delay or any effort at subterfuge," and—most important — careful, systematic and thorough preparation of pupils, teachers, and community for the change.

Certain words and phrases recur in *The Louisville Story.* One is "men of good will"—meaning the civic and religious leaders who hastened the end of segregation.

Another is "permissive." Wherever possible, parents were allowed to transfer their children from assigned schools in the days preceding and immediately following September 10. Carmichael describes this as a "safety valve." This device also acted to make transfers so easily obtainable that no parent could be sure any school would have racial unanimity.

It worked. The opposition was scattered and apathetic. It was quite pathetic, too, in one case of white parents who kept transferring their children for several months. When the father finally bowed to Juvenile Court pressure and enrolled the children in an integrated school, the mother said:

> Anything they do from now on is their business. They can stay out till twelve at night or four in the morning. Let the court raise them. I'll give them a place to sleep and something to eat.

Such secondary consideration of the children is a fault that also applies to Carmichael's book. Carmichael says that adults are the real problem in integration. This doesn't justify *The Louisville Story's* shallow exploration of the children's response. They were caught between two strong forces—their own instinctive sense of equality and the parents' pet theories. We know how they emerged from the battle, but a blow-by-blow description would have added a useful and colorful third dimension.

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Justice and the Death Penalty

by Reinhold Niebuhr

ARTHUR KOESTLER has treated his adopted country to a philippic on the one issue on which a continental may rightfully criticize the quality of English justice: the question of capital punishment.

Why have efforts to abolish it been abortive in a nation which has a higher sense of justice and a more precise juridical procedure than most nations? It is in answering that question that Koestler's book comes alive. For the evidence indicates that Britain is backward in its penology by the force of the same legal tradition which enabled this fortunate nation to see "liberty broaden down from precedent to precedent." The genius of British political life was always to claim a new privilege by appealing to an old one and asserting that the old one, properly interpreted in the light of modern situations, would mean this or that privilege or right. Thus England moved forward by looking back, always appealing to the "rights of Englishmen" rather than to the "rights of man."

Reflections on Hanging, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan; $4.50.)

But the appeal to precedents so vital in the history of political freedom, was catastrophic in the history of penology. Thus, at the beginning of the 19th Century the criminal code of England, the "bloody code," listed between 220 and 230 offenses which could be punished by the death sentence. Penal reforms in the 19th Century gradually reduced the number of offenses but the total abolition of the death penalty was not considered until this present century, and the reformists encountered the same stubborn resistance to its abolition which in the 19th Century were encountered in restricting capital punishment to capital crimes. Koestler points out that none of the dire predictions by the conservative judges of the consequences of these reforms were validated by history; but this has not prevented some of the most eminent of the Chief Justices and Lord Chancellors from making equally pessimistic predictions about the catastrophic results which would be consequent upon the total abolition of capital punishment. Moreover, the influence of the judges upon the House of Lords was so great that the Lords have to this day thrown out legislation adopted by the Commons under various governments, abolishing capital punishment.

Perhaps the most disquieting part of this story of judicial conservatism is the treatment of the insane, guilty of capital crimes. Koestler tells the story of the "Anti-M'Naghten rules" in full for they furnish the criteria for the punishment of insane criminals for over a century. One M'Naghten was under the illusion that the Pope, the Jesuits'Order, and Sir Robert Peel were conspiring against him. He shot Peel's secretary in 1843 thinking him to be the Prime Minister. Eight "medical witnesses," or in modern terms, psychiatrists, testified that his delusions made him irresponsible; and the Chief Justice stopped the case and instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty by reason of insanity." The House of Lords was not satisfied with the verdict and sent a questionnaire to the High Court Justices. The Justices gave their opinion that insanity could be proved only if the defendant "did not know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or if he did know it, that he did not know that he was doing wrong."

This unofficial opinion became an absolute criterion of criminal jurisprudence and insured the hanging of many insane criminals for a period of over a century. According to Koestler's evidence, the Home Secretary, who, according to the unwritten constitution, dispenses the King's pardon, has very frequently disregarded jury recommendations of mercy in the cases of insane defendants in spite of the boast that the Home Secretary will grant a pardon if there are any extenuating circumstances.

While this exhaustive analysis of the whole problem of capital punishment achieves its interest primarily because of the light it throws upon one of the most curious ironies of Anglo-Saxon justice, it should have the additional attraction to American readers, that it may sensitize their conscience in regard to a moral problem in which our nation

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has adapted the standards of the 'mother" country without realizing that these standards were the dubious by-products of a great legal tradition.

Only one chapter in this excellent volume is unconvincing. It is devoted to a cursory examination of the difficult problem of determinism and free will. Koestler, a determinist, thinks that freedom is a useful fiction. Freedom, he declares, is a fantasy but man is a fantastic creature. What does that mean?

How Close are the Soviets and China?

by Robert C. North

ARE the Chinese Communists mere puppets of Moscow? Or is there friction between them, and if so, what are the friction points? Are Mao and his colleagues potential rivals of the Soviets? Reliable information on these points would help determine possible courses of American action toward the two countries; but reliable information about the true nature of Sino-Soviet relations is extraordinarily difficult to uncover, and most answers to the questions raised here tend to remain intuitive and tentative at best.

Moscow-Peking Axis, by Howard L. Boorman, Alexander Eckstein, Philip Mosely, and Benjamin Schwartz (Harper; for The Council on Foreign Relations; $3.50).

Difficult as it is to analyze Sino-Soviet relations, we would be hard put to imagine a symposium of abler and more discriminating specialists than the contributors to this volume. The authors combine many years of profound scholarship with much practical experience in dealing with both Russian and Chinese Communism. Few Westerners have as much information about Russia and China at their finger tips, and even fewer are as careful in their use of it.

Organized under five main topical headings, the book analyzes the Moscow-Peking axis in terms of political impact, economic pattern, ideology, border areas, and implications for the United States and the world. From a Western standpoint the picture that emerges is not reassuring. The followers of Communism feel that they are engaged in a permanent conflict with the non-Communist world, and the combination of political, military, ideological and economic factors shaping the Sino-Soviet alliance gives both great Communist powers a foundation of common interests and reciprocal practical benefits. Both Communist China and the Soviet Union find the current relationship not only expedient, but necessary. The result is a potent joining of Russian technology and resources with Chinese manpower, exuberance and—in Asia—revolutionary prestige.

This is not to suggest that Russian and Chinese interests are identical, or that Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues are Russian puppets. Mao is a symbol of general Asian revolt against three centuries of Western domination and condescension, and in this role he may well appear to many Asians—non-Communists as well as Communists—as a revolutionary leader of greater stature than any of the Russians now prominent in Moscow. Yet it is precisely because of Peking's importance as a focus of anti-Western influence in Asia that the Russians have been listening with growing attention to the views of Mao and his colleagues.

Confronted with the fact of the Sino-Soviet alliance, should the United States seek to pull them apart, as is often suggested, or push them together? Alexander Eckstein suggests that

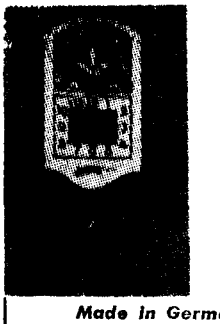
> . . . We need to examine carefully and more explicitly whether Communist China, left to its own devices, may not be actually more aggressive and a greater threat to world peace than one allied with the Soviet Union. There is a real question whether irrational, xenophobic and nationalist ingredients are not much more potent in the Chinese Communist revolution than in the Soviet leadership of today. . . . It can be argued that the Soviet Union may be potentially the more responsible of the two partners, the one which might serve to curb aggressive moves by Communist China. . . .

Implicit throughout *Moscow-Peking Axis* is the realization—dawning on more and more of us—that the new world of ebbing colonialism, aggressive Communism, dynamic Asian and African nationalism, and rapidly developing nuclear weapons is like nothing mankind ever before has faced. We are moving so fast that we don't know what it is, or what we are—or ought to be.

The countries of the free world, argues Philip Mosely in his section of the book, cannot afford to drop their guard or fall behind in the race for military power and political cohesion, but neither can they rely upon force and combination alone. Strategic consolidation must be backed up flexibly through imaginative programs of political, economic and cultural cooperation. If, in Mr. Mosely's recommendation, there is a certain conflict between a race for power on the one hand and imaginative programs of cooperation on the other, the contradiction is understandable. For, as *Moscow-Peking Axis* makes clear, the age itself is one of contradiction.

Notes on Contributors

CHARLES CURRAN is a British journalist and political commentator. ALAN LEVY is a reporter for *The Louisville Courier-Journal*. REINHOLD NIEBUHR is, of course, the distinguished American Theologian. ROBERT C. NORTH is a research associate at the Hoover Institute and Library, Stanford University. CHARLES SHAPIRO is on the English faculty of Wayne University.



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The Future of Letters

by Donald Malcolm

BACK in 1892, Bernard Shaw raised his fine tenor voice against the pedants who were teaching musical composition in the academies. "People would compose music skillfully enough if only there were no professors," he declared. And then, perhaps wishing to express himself even more strongly, Shaw stretched his imagination to devise a sufficiently ridiculous parallel to such instruction. "Literature," he went on, "is six times as difficult an art technically as composition; yet who ever dreams of going to a professor to learn how to write?"

The Phrase Finder compiled by J. I. Rodale and Edward J. Fluck (Rodale Press; $6.95).

Well, we have come a long way in one direction or another since then, and time has conceived a very witty answer to Shaw's rhetorical question. It now appears that *everyone* dreams of going to a professor to learn how to write. I speak from experience, since I myself attended a Creative Writing course in college, taught by a man who was (and is) a gifted writer. And, considering that he was not a morbidly sensitive sort of person, it was almost astonishing how often he found it necessary, in the course of classroom discussion, to bury his face in his hands. This happened once after he had asked, not very hopefully, if anyone present were familiar with Celine. A young lady, pleased at being able to answer promptly, informed him that it was a term used to describe a solution of salt and water. He said nothing in reply, but rubbed his eyes so vigorously and so long that we all became a little frightened. Another such occasion arose when a young man who had held himself aloof all semester, smiling faintly at our sweaty struggles with the craft, suddenly broke his silence. "Literature is doomed," he said, with a quiet assurance that fairly chilled the blood, "unless"—and here he raised a finger—"*unless* we manage to get over our bourgeois fear of the so-called 'obscene' words. I mean words like——," he went on calmy, "and —— and —— and ——." A profound silence settled on the room. One could hear the rasp of snowshovels outside, where maintenance men were clearing the walks. The professor buried his face in his hands. "And ——," the student added dreamily, by way of general conclusion.

There are some people, on the other hand, who foresee a brilliant future for literature, confidently predicting that only the writer is doomed. Not long ago I was talking to a mathematician of the cybernetic sort who assured me that it is actually possible to develop a literary thinking machine. The human writer, he implied, will soon be a thing of the past. "Reviewers too?" I asked tremulously. "Certainly," he replied, "once we get the bugs out of the machine, even *poets* will be unnecessary."

In a way, it is a cheerful prospect the mathematician has disclosed. Why, after all, should the benefits of automation be restricted to factory workers? Don't artists and intellectuals also have a claim to consideration? Think of how much time a poet has to spend in perfecting a single line. Think of the months or years of effort that go into a novel. Well, why not develop a machine to perform this drudgery?

Luckily for electronic literature, a good deal of the preliminary work has already been done. Mr. J. I. Rodale, in collaboration with Mr. Edward J. Fluck, has compiled a gigantic book called *The Phrase Finder,* which contains almost everything a literary calculator might require for instantaneous success. To be sure, this 1,325-page compilation was originally intended for the human writer, but it will, I think, find its true employment in the bowels of Univac. For could any calculator, left to its own devices, coin phrases like "tickled pink" or "unalloyed bliss" to indicate happiness? Probably not, but *somebody* was clever enough to invent them and Edward J. Fluck was clever enough to file them under "Happy" in his Metaphor Finder. The entry under "Writing (Literary)" in "Sophisticated Synonyms" would do credit to any calculator's memory tank:

> The muddy bilge that passed for prose; continue to turn out superannuated drivel; can stand pen to pen with; tear off an exciting mystery yarn; his compositions, filled with a twittering nebulosity; the magnum opus of his extraordinary talents; does not grace the sacred pages; some of the journalistic barbs; effusions; he pounded out two pages a day; he's published a lot of swell stuff in limp art covers with deckle edges; he is quite a hand at putting one word down after another; wore his typewriter to the bone; his veins flowed with printer's ink. . . .

We are advised also to "see poetry where we find, among other things, "poetry is the jingling of a few silver coins in the ragged garment of life."

THE exciting possibilities for literature should be evident. Properly briefed with *The Phrase Finder,* even now Univac might be turning out stories for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Saturday Evening Post* (although the real need of these magazines is not for machines to write their stories, but for machines to read them). Then, once it got the hang of things, Univac might turn to more ambitious projects, perhaps the next Standard Revised Version of the Bible. The latter project seems most promising, since Univac was used to compile the Concordance to the present Revised Version, and consequently has some experience in the field. But such an undertaking would, unfortunately, strain even the resources of Rodale and Fluck, as I discovered when I attempted to use *The Phrase Finder* on I *Cor.* 13, in which St. Paul discourses on the excellence of charity. The attempt was seriously hindered by the fact that "Sophisticated Synonyms" lists only one entry under "charity," to wit, "handouts." Nevertheless, I was able to arrive at this rendering of verse 11:

> When I was a shaver, I shot off my mouth as a shaver, I was hep as a shaver, I cudgelled my brain as a shaver; but when I became a man I put away my childish things.

As you can see, the result is far from perfect, chiefly because *The Phrase Finder* failed to provide suitably snappy synonyms for "man" and "childish things." But I think it indicates, however faintly, the lengths to which literature might go in the coming age of electronics.

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ART

Kidding the Id in Minneapolis

UNTIL quite recently, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts was noted more or what it had than for what it did. Making the best of two possible worlds —heavy tax support and big time corporate giving—the Institute dreamed through the years, doing little of national note beyond astutely buying and building one of the great museum collections in the midwest.

Within the last year and a half, new director Richard S. Davis has changed all that. It now appears that the Minneapolis Institute will carry its share of the museum burden of most interest to the public, the mounting of major exhibitions. Last season Davis' print curator, Harold Joachim, put together a stunning show covering the progress of prints from 1400 to the last of Goya's. Coming up this fall is a collaboration with St. Louis in a big Monet show. And at the Institute now, as a summer long exhibition, is "American Paintings, 1945—1957," the first major effort of another Davis staff addition, Lanton L. Catlin.

The regional significance of the show deserves a word. In large part the relative inactivity of the Institute in putting together big shows has been both justified and compensated for by the strenuous activity of the Walker Art Center only a couple of miles away. Like most midwestern art institutions, the Walker has a fair claim to being the "first." The Walker was on to "good" design before the Modern had heard of it and remains the number one museum in the field. A definite specialty of the house has been up-to-the-minute American painting. Either as cause or effect, the prime Walker audience has been young (as museum goers go), intellectual, jazz-minded, literate, liberal. The Institute's prime audience has been, simply, rich and Republican.

Against this background, the Institute's summer show looks a lot like Buster Brown and his dog Tighe climbing over the fence into Mickey McGuire's backyard. For Catlin's show is no yes-but-on-the-other hand cross section. In the general drift of the exhibition, it is all out, red hot abstract expressionism that carries the day. It's the kind of show the Walker itself might have mounted two years ago.

THAT LAST NOTE is perhaps the key to the show. More and more, month by month, abstract expressionism reveals itself as more fraud than Freud. The movement is based on the proposition that you can't kid the id, but each succeeding dredging of the unconscious proves anew that the spectator/purchaser has a right to the ego and occasionally the superego, not to mention some mastery of the sheer craft of painting and the assurance that the thing'll hold together till he gets it home.

So much for the reverse Rorschach of the theory. What makes the fraud intolerable is that its first and most complete victims were the perpetrators.

They're all present at Minneapolis, sweating earnestness and slopping paint over canvases that increasingly recall the last years of the Hudson River School, when it was taken on faith that if only the mountains were big enough the work was bound to be good. The mind has its mountains, Hopkins said, and here they are and they're just as banal as Bierstadt's.

Hofmann is there with his one-two-three waltz across the paint surface. The late Jack the Dripper Pollock drips posthumously on. And all the little tails of Hofmann drip more or less in unison, James Brooks sloshing away in red and green, Philip Guston in what is billed as bronze, James Kelly in lots of colors and short, sharp strokes, Joan Mitchell with a tantilizing twitch of her astigmatic perspective.

More than drip comes out of the familiar tap, of course. There is also the Design Division. Albers proposes and disposes of his old overwhelming question, When is a Square not a square? This time the answer is, In spring, and sure enough "Homage to the Square: Vernal" is the wearing of the primavering green. Ad Reinhardt flatly paints dark purple on deep purple for a nine foot fall and, less impressively, light blues for on' seven.

I guess t[illegible]ost asinine thing on board is Barnett Newman's "Vir Heroicus Sublimis" in the Design Division. Eight feet high, "Vir" is damn near 18 feet across and is painted a flat red, except for thin, top to bottom vertical strips in, left to right, pink, white, brown, pink again and finally unpainted canvas. At the opening somebody told Catlin the Institute could have saved a good chunk by getting the plan and having the thing run off by the janitors with rollers.

It should be needless to say that the foregoing more or less deliberately ignores some first rate painting in the show, most of it by people who have been around longer than the boys in the backroom. Among them are Knaths, MacIver, Balcomb Greene, Stuart Davis and Mark Tobey. Considerations of size alone pretty well conceal them in the Minneapolis collection of 24-sheet posters. Among the less well known younger men, I liked two Californians, Elmer Bischoff and David Park, better than any. They both use suggestive figures in evocative space to great advantage.

FRANK GETLEIN

DON'T MISS

Gerald Johnson's

The LUNATIC FRINGE

ADLAI STEVENSON, reviewing THE LUNATIC FRINGE for *The New Republic,* said "thank Heaven for Gerald Johnson," and called this new book about American visionaries and dissenters "highly amusing, often hilarious" and at the same time an expression of Gerald Johnson's serious concern "with whether we may ourselves become society's victims in the future."

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MOVIES

"See Teenagers vs. the Monsters"

A NEW MOTION PICTURE, made in little over a week at a budget of at approximately $100,000, is expected to gross over a million. For it is one of the happy brain-children of producer Herman Cohen, a former salesman for Columbia pictures who rides the teen-age fads and quickly produces a product catered to what he knows to be current teen-age tastes. The film *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, is double-dating on the marquees with *Invasion of the Saucer-Men*, advertised as "SEE TEENAGERS VS. MONSTERS!"

I Was a Teenage Werewolf (American International Pictures).

Ballyhooed in a manual sent to theater owners as "a double dose of box office dynamite," the films are distributed by American International Pictures, a firm specializing, and quite profitably, in such lurid twin offerings. Though rarely dignified with newspaper or magazine reviews, the programs whipped up by AIP are welcome news to box offices. The accent is on youth, the beat is rock and roll, the tempo is violent. *Rock all Night* is coupled with *Dragstrip Girl*, *Shake Rattle and Rock* with *Runaway Daughters*, and *Girls in Prison* with *Hot Rod Girl*. The other sure winning combinations are the science fiction-horror pairs—*It Conquered the World* teamed with *The She Creature*, *Voodoo Woman* with *The Undead*.

The "Rock" pictures are almost as staple a product as the horrors, other companies having cashed in with such items as *Rock Pretty Baby*, *Don't Knock the Rock*, and *Rock Around the Clock*. But it took Herman Cohen to see the latent potentialities in a merger of the two genres. In *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, the leather-jacket crew shakes its way into the world of terror.

The hero of *Werewolf*, Tony Rivers, is a chronic high-school brooder (played to the sloppy hilt by Michael London, a new discovery with a distressing resemblance to James Dean) who is first seen in a vicious slugfest on the Rockdale High playground. A touchy sort, he explodes when mildly offended, and his sulks and temper give his widowed father, his girl, the police department, and the school authorities a rugged time. After several assorted outbursts, he reluctantly decides to follow the advice of his school principal, and after muttering objections to being treated by a "head shrinker," Tony puts his moody self in the hands of Dr. Alfred Brandon, an analyst whose specialty is the handling and curing of maladjusted youngsters.

At this point the movie detours from the standard no-one-understands-me rock and roller, for after a liberal serving of dancing scenes, parental scuffles, and mayhem, a curious twist occurs. Tony apparently is not to be rehabilitated; his hunch about head-shrinkers proves accurate. Dr. Brandon, white-coat, syringe, sycophantic assistant and all turns out to be our old silver-screen buddy, the grade B friend of Karloff, Lugosi, and Chaney—the mad scientist who experiments on people. Recognizing Tony (from body markings and character traits) as the subject he has been waiting for, Brandon uses the teenager as the patient in an experiment in hypnotic regression. Tony becomes a werewolf!

Finally, the misunderstood loner, the standard hero of the teenage film, can lash out at society in disguised fury. Tony can change when provoked (though rather abruptly, as the low budget special effects are woeful) from a teen-age misfit to a werewolf. His big moment comes in the high-school gym when he goes sensationally berserk and tears up a leggy co-ed who is practicing God-knows-what on some parallel bars. Tony flails about, charging through the local high-school population ("we were paralyzed man, just too paralyzed") and after a weary wolf-hunt in a nearby park, returns to commit his final murder at the expense of Dr. Brandon. The police arrive, and slay the werewolf.

ALTHOUGH the movie is doing splendidly, several promotional gimmicks are suggested by the producers to hypo the box office receipts. I quote from *American News* (which announces itself as "dedicated to showmanship" Vol. I, No. 2, the organ of AIP:

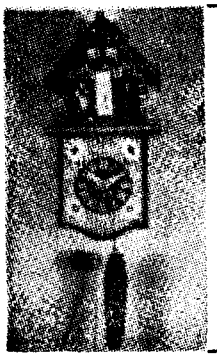
> Have an ambulance parked in front of the theatre to remove those who "faint" at the show. Dress an usher in a Doctor's coat with a stethoscope to examine patrons for weak hearts. Lay someone on a stretcher with a sign—"He couldn't take it." . . . Or dress up ushers and cashiers in werewolf masks and arrange a street ballyhoo. Have three or four "pickets" dressed with these masks parade up and down in front of your box office with signs . . . "Unfair to Teenage Werewolfs."

There is an interesting note of caution. Two sets of advertising photographs are supplied:

> SPECIAL NOTE
> There are two methods designed to sell *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. In one the face of the werewolf is shown, in the other it is not. We feel that in many areas, the element of curiosity generated by the former will sell the most tickets. However, we also know that in some localities the outright horror approach is best . . . carefully consider the best selling approach for your theatre.

But no matter how the picture is promoted in your neighborhood, it will do well. Long-sideburns and the fangs it's an unbeatable combo.

CHARLES SHAPIRO



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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

n making distinctions based on a seri-ous or passionate interest in any one specialty. Miss Isa Kapp, in an amus-ng article in *Commentary* on the life of Washington, D. C., spoke of her car-pool as containing, among others, a 'wit." One gets from Mr. Malcolm's vritings the picture of such a car-pool vit, amusing, humane, disabused, primed with the best jokes about Ike, Dulles and Dick, TV, Spock, Luce and life, but without the unequivocal love of literature (*writing*, if that sounds etter!) with which Fiedler appeared n the scene some 15 years ago. I apol-gize for this *ad hominem* assault, but ow else register my frustration at the ntiseptical tone of Mr. Malcolm's re-narks? The take-it-easy argument must self be used in moderation.

ROBERT FLINT

. . . Mr. Malcolm replies

MR. FLINT'S apologies are unneces-sary, but I wish he hadn't been ontent merely to rest on his cudgel fter so vigorous an *ad hominem* attack. Having caught my attention by knock-ng me flat, he might at least have told e where I went astray in criticizing Mr. Fiedler. I am sure Mr. Flint does ot really mean to defend "what seem ke facile equations between homo-exuality and politics" on the ground at Mr. Fiedler is "defending rights f perspective and sublimation proper literature." What *are* "rights of per-pective and sublimation"? Would Mr. Flint have defended the late Senator rom Wisconsin for his facile equation f liberals and Communists on the round that he was defending rights f perspective proper to politics? Or s he simply saying that anyone who loves literature as much as Mr. Fiedler does cannot be held accountable for anything he says? And how am I to answer his charge that I do not love literature as much as Mr. Fiedler? Hon-est to God, Mr. Flint, I *love* literature. You see? It is perfectly useless; but I do object to the notion that proper measure of a person's devotion to litera-ture or anything else is the length of the face he pulls when discussing it.

At any rate, let me assure Mr. Flint that—heavy as my other sins may be—I am not the offending "wit" in Miss Isa Kapp's car pool. I walk to work.

DONALD MALCOLM

► *Slanted News*

SIRS:

THANK YOU for the review of my book, *Slanted News*, in the July 29 issue of *NR*. The reviewer, Alan Levy, treats the book very fairly.

I find I can't agree, however, with several of his points. He says I may be over-estimating the "gullibility" of newspaper readers in my objections to putting opinions instead of news on the front pages.

How many people would he allow to be fooled by opinions masquerading as facts? To me, even one voter hood-winked by biased news is too many.

I would also take issue with Levy in his appraisal of the role of interpretive articles. He says I have "some old-fash-ioned ideas about reporting" because I find fault with the way writers occa-sionally mix opinions with legitimate explanations of news events. If that means my ideas are out of date, it may be that the popular practice of rationaliz-ing opinionated writing as legitimate in-terpretation also will become old-fash-ioned some day.

Let it be clear that I do not object to interpretative articles provided that they stick reasonably well to the facts. Such articles can be very valuable to news-paper readers. But they can also con-fuse the reader and take unfair advan-tage of him.

A. E. ROWSE

Concord, Mass.

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1244 NINETEENTH ST., N.W., WASH. 6, D. C.

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C

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1244 19TH STREET, NW WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

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